There And Back Again

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There And Back Again

by TigerPrawn

Summary

They were always destined to be together, and they always will be.

Notes

It's been a fun ride, and thank you all for reading... I hope you've enjoyed it! Here are the concluding chapters of Welcome To California series

Art by the wonderful theadventurouspancake

The Wedding

Nigel was surprised at how easy it had been to organise a wedding. Sure, it was a small wedding and Lynnette and Angela might have ended up organising most of it, but the ideas were all his. His, in that he had racked his brain for what Adam might like and then ran with the idea that felt most fitting. *Ran with it* was a phrase the ladies used a lot when talking about the wedding.

When he had suggested the wedding have a theme, they were unsure, making comments that only men would organise themed weddings, and then decided he must want to do something focused on space. And Nigel's brain had gone there too. But as much as Adam loved space, it was also his job and Nigel wanted something different than the every day for his beautiful omega.

The idea had come to him when he had actually started looking up honeymoon possibilities. The trip to Romania had been a success - in terms of Adam enjoying travelling (though not so much the Romanian gangsters). He had been idly googling when he came across the absolute perfect honeymoon for Adam, and had to double check a few times to make sure he

had it right. That it wasn't fiction. But no, it was real and a trip to a travel agency later and the honeymoon was all set.

When he'd explained it to the girls they had seemed very dubious, until he had explained what it would mean to Adam. Angela even laughed and said how she once made the mistake of discussing one of the movies with Adam only to have him give her a complete breakdown of the novel and how the two differed and the relative merits of both.

And that was how Lynnette and Angela found their rather luxurious garden being turned into a wedding venue for the small gathering of eight people, with a sign reading "no admittance except party business" sitting on their dining table ready to be hung on the gate.

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Adam was very nervous. He took his tie off and retied it for the fourth time. He was pulling at it, trying to get it to sit right, when Angela took his hands in hers and pulled him to face her, waiting until he made eye contact. Nigel, and no doubt Angela and Lynnette, had organised everything except Adam's outfit, which he had chosen himself, with Angela's help. That had been a month earlier and now he was unsure. He still liked the colour - midnight blue three-piece suit and crisp white shirt, bow tie in a slightly lighter colour blue. But he wondered if it was too formal for a small gathering. This was what people wore to weddings. And he always felt comfortable in a suit, even if this was much fancier than anything he had ever worn to work. He was torn on the appropriateness of it.

"I'm not sure about this suit. Does it look ok?" Adam asked before Angela was able to say anything. "It's not too much? The full tuxedo would have been too much… but is this…"

Angela shushed him and smiled. "Adam, you look very handsome. Nigel's heart is going to stop when he sees you!"

Adam worried momentarily that the sight of him was going to bring on cardiac arrest, and then realised from her smile that Angela did not mean that literally. He felt reassured by her smile and she put a hand on his cheek and stroked reassuringly. She did that sort of thing a lot since she got pregnant - mothering. Then she straightened, patted her rounded belly under her perfectly tailored cocktail dress in a royal blue and picked up a small box from the side. She opened it and picked out a sort of broach, or so it looked. She looked at Adam's boutonnière, a white rose, and adjusted it slightly in his lapel before pinning the item beneath. Adam gave her a quizzical look and she turned him to face the mirror.

"A gift from Lynnette and I." She told him. Adam studied the item with a growing smile. It was a cluster of stars, that might look feminine if not for the colour and texture. Chunky and dark, with a slight glimmer. "Made from meteorite," she told him as his fingers grazed over the interesting surface.

"It's beautiful." He managed. Emotion running through him, but calm now. Ready. Very ready to marry Nigel.

Angela smiled.

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Nigel nervously paced by the seats. He could hear Lynnette welcoming the guests through the side gate. Adam had been taken through the front to get ready in the spare room Nigel had slept in the night before., knowing his scent would still linger and calm the omega. The omega hadn't seen the garden, only knew that that was where they were getting married - which he had seemed relieved and pleased about.

The 6 chairs - rows of 3, split by an aisle - facing an archway of flowers where the Officiant stood, were trimmed with flowers. There were smaller arches scattered about and two little tents, almost medieval in style, that were linked together by the bunting that ran between them throughout the garden. Nigel had spent hours watching and rewatching all the Lord of the Rings and Hobbit movies when he realised he wasn't going to make it through even one of the books in time to organise everything. So the garden was decorated as close as he could get to Bilbo's birthday party - the bunting was even made specially for the occasion to match as exactly as possible.

Under the first tent were wooden tables with glasses of champagne and finger food and enough seating for the 8 strong wedding. Under the second tent was a two tier wedding cake on a small display table. The cake was something Nigel had actually been very particular about, choosing a sponge because he knew Adam disliked the texture of fruit cake. The icing was soft and it was decorated sparingly with sugar flowers. On top stood a small statue of a creamy-brown coloured elk. He didn't really like the little groom figures personally, and even though Angela had said she wasn't sure if the elk was in the book or not, Nigel loved the image of it from the movies and could imagine himself riding in on such a elk for Adam. If it hadn't been fictional he would have definitely arrived at the wedding in such a way - he would tell Adam that later and watch the omega smile.

Everyone appeared to have arrived at once, which was actually a good thing - there was a schedule he'd given Adam in order for him to feel a bit more in control and he was planning on sticking to it despite anything that might happen. Beth and Harlan were talking, looking easy with each other like acquaintances. Harlan was staying with them and the night before had told Nigel as he left for Lynnette and Angela's not to worry about a thing - he'd make sure all the guests were taken care of. No conversation lulls or awkward silences - he was planning on making this experience as great for Adam as Nigel was, and Nigel sort of loved him for it. The other two guests were Carlos, Nigel's boxing instructor, and his wife Debbie who were both talking animatedly to Lynnette and Nigel would hazard a guess the talk was about Angela's pregnancy. She was due in less than a month.

Her pregnancy had been surprisingly good for Adam. She included him in a lot of things - shopping trips especially - and pregnancy, whilst still not on the cards for them, seemed less daunting to Adam now. Nigel was so happy about that; he'd worried for a time that Adam would struggle to maintain his friendship with the only other omega he knew - and one who cared for him dearly at that. Some days he was even excited about the baby - there were a pile of children's science books already sitting in the apartment waiting to be wrapped. They'd get wrapped at the last minute as Adam was constantly adding to the pile.

Harlan and Beth came over and greeted him with handshakes, cheek kisses and congratulations, before they took their seats. Nigel stood with the officiant, and waited, not missing the looks from Beth and Harlan - somewhere along the lines of amused. A cold sweat of nerves prickling across his skin. Maybe he had misjudged his outfit. Too late now.

Time passed in a weird too fast - too slow combination that was made Nigel feel a little queasy. Soon. Soon Adam would come out and see the garden and be so happy and then they would get married and it would be perfect.

*

Adam tried to calm his breathing and squeezed his eyes shut in the hopes that tears wouldn't flow.

"It's ok honey. I've got this!" Angela's voice was soft and calming. He felt her take his hand and opened his eyes to watch her.

"I got blood on my cuff." He told her, despite the fact that she was already inspecting it.

"It's on the underside, no one will see it. Let me try and clean it up a bit." She smiled and lead him to the ensuite, wetting a cloth and dabbing at the still wet blood. It was so stupid, so so stupid. He had been trying to stay busy whilst waiting for the ceremony, so he had tidied the paperwork that he had needed earlier to make things official - his papers. He had filled in all the paperwork with the Officiant and that was all done. But when he was trying to slide the papers back into the folder he had brought them in, it slid along his finger and sliced deep. A papercut, just a stupid, silly papercut. But the blood welled immediately, and as he recoiled with the shock of it the blood flicked back onto the cuff of his suit and shirt. The suit didn't show, but there were several small drops of blood on his shirt cuff. It ruined everything. The suit was blue, there wasn't supposed to be any red, it wouldn't look right. Angela had quickly put a band aid on the cut, which at least was flesh coloured even if not quite his tone, and now she helped with the blood. And time was moving very fast. Too fast. Because now he was late and he wanted to curl into himself and hide. The only thing he wanted more than that was Nigel.

"Honey, now I need you to be calm ok. I've cleaned it up, you can hardly see it. Only you will even know that it's there. But you need to breath…" She had moved her hands up to the top of his arms and was rubbing them gently in a comforting motion. "Nigel's waiting for you." She smiled.

"I'm late." The words came out as almost a cry.

"Oh, honey, he's not going to be bothered by a little thing like you being late. And once you see him you're going to forget this even happened, ok?" She moved one hand up to his face and swept a thumb under each eye in turn, rubbing away the wetness there.

She smiled encouragingly and nodded, until he met her eyes and did the same. Ready. Ready.

*

Nigel was getting fucking anxious now. Adam wouldn't ditch him, he knew that - didn't he? Sure the omega could easily slip out the front with no one noticing, but he wouldn't. And Nigel knew he hadn't because he could still feel him through the bond. And what he felt was anxiety and it crushed him. Maybe this had been a massive mistake. If Adam was still anxious about the wedding then he was one fucking asshole of an alpha for making him do it.

His palms felt sweaty as he looked over at Lynnette. She gave him a questioning look and he was about to call her over and tell her he was calling the whole thing off, when the sliding doors to the patio opened. He looked over and there was Adam, standing nervously in the doorway, Angela behind him at first and then by his side, her arm linking in his and walking them forward. Step after step Adam seemed to loosen up, and then, half way across the lawn, Adam looked at him. Nigel's heart damn near stopped. Adam looked so fucking beautiful. His suit was gorgeous and cut so tight to his body that it was practically an invitation for Nigel to run his hands all over it. But it was the beaming smile on his face, the way his face had lit up, that had made Nigel's entire body hum.

As he approached and Angela gently pushed him forward and took a seat next to Lynnette, Adam didn't look away. With only a few steps left his eyes left Nigel's face, looking him over, and his smile turned to wide grin. Nigel's face ached just thinking about that smile.

And then they were standing in front of each other and Adam said -

"You're wearing your little dog shirt."

"Yeah baby." Nigel smiled and felt a blush rise on his cheeks. "It's what brought us together I guess…" He felt silly but Adam's smile reassured him.

"It's my favourite."

"I know."

"I was late…"

"It's ok."

"I have.. I cut my finger. I'm ok now, but I have blood on my cuff."

"You look beautiful."

"It might stain, but Angela said-"

"Darling, it's fine."

"Ok. It's only a little bit of blood-"

He stopped talking and instead moved forward and pressed his lips to Nigel's. Nigel kissed him tenderly in response and pulled their bodies together. A chuckle from Harlan, a whooping noise from Lynnette. And then he broke the kiss, stroked his hand down Adam's cheek and turned to the Officiant.

“We’re ready now.”

*

They had decided against their own vows. Nigel had wanted to, though he knew he would probably have rambled on for ten minutes about how fucking gorgeous his omega was. Adam had wanted to want to, but after discussing it for a while, Nigel realised that Adam would get too fixated with it. Just like he would when putting together a new tour for the Observatory - it could means weeks of stress for him until it was finally finished and he’d given the tour a couple of times. If there was a chance anything was going to make Adam anxious or stressed about the wedding then it was a no go.

It had been the right decision as it happened because Adam had been wound up about cutting himself and being late in a way he often wasn’t anymore, a sure sign that things might get overwhelming for him.

The ceremony had been short and simple. Even so it had been emotional, Nigel’s voice breaking a few times. When Adam said his vows Nigel felt euphoric. The one and only time he’d felt the feeling outside of the bedroom, as the happiness and love they both felt seemed to build over and over along the feedback loop of their bond. Both were practically floating by the time they were announced as husbands.

Nigel kept Adam pulled tight to him after the ceremony. The Officiant stayed for the toast, and then Angela took out a camera and started to take photographs of them all. Everyone came over in ones or twos to give congratulations, and then Nigel led Adam to the tent to show him the cake. It was then that Adam took the chance to look around. He turned in Nigel’s arms, taking it all in and stopping dead. His eyes roamed the garden, wide with wonder.

“Nigel! It’s the Shire!” The excitement in his voice raising it an octave. “You made the Shire for me.”

“Well, of course.” Nigel replied as though it had been nothing at all. “To make your hairy toes feel at home.”

“I don’t-” Nigel cut him off with a kiss, which Adam then laughed into.

When they broke apart they went to the cake. Nigel’s face hurt from all the smiling. The realisation hitting him over and over every few minutes - *Adam married me. Adam is my husband.*

Adam nuzzled into his side. “Oh. it’s beautiful! It looks so good and it smells really nice! I don’t think I… Oh I understand… oh, ok… Thranduil’s Elk.” Adam smiled up at Nigel. “He’s beautiful!”

“I figured if this were really Middle Earth then I would have arrived to the wedding on that and made you swoon.” Nigel grinned.

Adam laughed and shook his head. “He belongs to an Elven King!”

“I could be an Elven King.”

“Oh Nigel… you’d be a dwarf!”

“What?! No! I’d be majestic as fuck!”

“Nigel! You’d have a big hammer or axe and drink lots of beer and like fighting!”

“As an elf?”

“No! As a dwarf.”

“Oh, ok maybe I am a dwarf then… I can steal the elk and someone can give me a leg up onto it. Better not get too drunk and fall off. I’ll have to have you ride with me to keep me upright.”

Adam was in fits of laughter, and it was the best fucking sound Nigel had ever heard.

The Honeymoon

Chapter Summary

Nigel surprises Adam

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The night of the wedding they stayed in a hotel. Nigel had booked them into the same hotel where they had swapped their luggage back after they had first met, which amused Adam. He couldn't get the same room, but they all looked much the same.

They'd had some nibbles at the wedding, cake and champagne. They were both a little tipsy, made worse by their giddy happiness. They had all socialised for a couple of hours until Adam had asked Nigel if it was ok to go soon. Nigel had been worried that Adam was getting a little overwhelmed but the omega had just smiled gently and replied that he just wanted them to be alone. They had kissed and laughed all the way to the taxi, another little chirp of delight from Adam as they passed the sign on the gate - which earned Nigel more kisses.

And now at the hotel they ordered what passed on the menu for mac and cheese, in an attempt to soak up at least a little of the alcohol. Over the food they discussed the honeymoon. They didn't fly for another two weeks, hence the hotel for the wedding night, and Nigel wanted to double check Adam was happy with everything. Both the wedding and the honeymoon were a complete surprise to Adam other than him knowing when and where to show up. Nigel reassured Adam that they would be on a set tour with an itinerary and any time he wanted to know anything, Nigel would give that to him. Adam shook his head with a smile, determined to be surprised.

"I trust you Nigel. And knowing that you have that information and will let me know anything I ask, that's enough."

Nigel had kissed him then and he tasted faintly of cheese and champagne, a combination that Nigel was never going to forget. He pulled Adam up out of his chair and moved him so he stood next to the bed. And then he stepped back and looked him up and down.

"Adam, you should wear tailored suits all the time! You look amazing." He took in the fitted cut of the suit as he ran his hands up the soft fabric of the arms. Adam was a good looking man and always nicely turned out, but this was something else.

"Honestly darling, I've no idea how I've held off all day from dragging you somewhere quiet and taking you there and then!" He was easing the jacket off now and the view was even better as he stepped behind Adam. Without the jacket the lines of the suit against Adam's body were even tighter. The waistcoat hugged against Adam's slender frame, the white shirt

underneath just slightly looser, creating a rather appealing effect. But the ass! Holy shit, the ass in those pants. It was like someone had spray painted the trousers onto Adam and Nigel was just thankful Adam's jacket had stayed on otherwise he would definitely have had to have him!

Throwing the jacket over the back of a chair, Nigel moved in front of Adam, who was biting at his lip in that way he had of trying to contain anxiety or emotions, or in this case arousal. The pants were cut just as close at the front and Adam's burgeoning erection was very obvious. The whole ensemble was fucking beautiful and Nigel wanted to memorise every inch of it. Which is why he didn't let Adam undress immediately.

"I want to undress you slowly darling. I want to *slowly* take each layer before I take you, is that ok?"

Adam nodded, a blush rising across his face from the arousal.

"I want you to tell me Adam. If anything gets too much you have to tell me."

Another nod from Adam, who otherwise remained still, taut with anticipation.

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They were gentle like this sometimes. Other times they were rough. Adam liked all kinds of sex, which was something Nigel was thankful for. The thought of a timid omega in the bedroom did not appeal to him. When his omega was in the right mood, it was pretty much Adam fucking him! He hadn't planned on their wedding night being anything different or special and yet somehow it was.

Nigel listened to Adam's measured breaths as he slowly undid the buttons of his waistcoat, pushing it back off Adam's shoulders and feeling him tremble under the touch. Nigel then undid the tie and slide it from around Adam's collar, allowing the fabric to fall open. He leaned in and nuzzled into the little bit of exposed flesh at the omega's neck as he slowly, very slowly, began to pull up Adam's shirt - untucking it from his pants. Every slow movement bringing a shudder from Adam, but his breathing remained steady and Nigel felt no anxiety from him or any sense of him being overwhelmed. Just anticipation and need. And damn, Nigel wanted to fulfill that need so bad he could imagine just ripping the rest of the clothes off - but Adam looked so good.

Nigel's hands went up to the top button and started undoing them from there, kissing his way down Adam's chest as the shirt fell open. He nuzzled at the little belly and the fuzz that trailed from navel down to groin which drew a light laugh from Adam as he hit a ticklish spot. Nigel grinned into his skin and moved his hands to Adam's legs. He ran his hands up the soft material and round to Adam's rump, squeezing it as he buried his face in Adam's groin, nosing against the omega's erection. He moved his hands around and undid the belt and then pants, and pushed them down, leaving the tight, and now strained and damp, boxers in place. With trousers resting on thighs, Nigel pushed his face back to Adam's hard cock, pressed his nose into the crook of Adam's thigh and breathed in the heady scent. As he pulled back he mouthed at Adam's cook through the boxers, all but taking it into his mouth and dampening the material even further.

Adam wobbled then and Nigel's hands went immediately to his hips to steady him. A whimper escaped from Adam and Nigel felt the familiar tension along the bond as Adam started to become overstimulated. Nigel wasn't disappointed. After the long day and all the excitement of it, he was surprised he'd gotten so far without Adam needing to stop. And he would always stop if that's what Adam needed. For now, he was on the cusp. Nigel knew from past experience that if he dialled it back, they could likely resume and enjoy each other for the rest of the evening.

Nigel stood and pulled Adam into a hug, stroking his hands up and down the omega's back until his breathing levelled out again. Then he kissed his hair, and brow, down his cheek and to his mouth. Adam kissed him back, a reassurance that they could continue. As they kissed, Nigel pushed the open shirt from Adam's shoulders and then broke away to help Adam out of his trousers and underwear. He settled the omega on the bed and started to strip himself.

If he couldn't take his eyes off Adam in that suit, naked was just as bad, regardless of how often Nigel experienced it. Adam's naked body was beautiful - a work of art - and just for him. And if Adam had been beautiful before he was iridescent when Nigel started to remove his own pants and Adam took his cock in hand as he watched.

"Nigel." His name was softly spoken and yet it broke Nigel from the trance he had been in, watching Adam's hand move in slow strokes. It broke the silence of the room too and something in Nigel snapped. The rest of his clothes were gone in moments and he was on the bed. Adam let out a delighted laugh and rolled away, just out of Nigel's grasp. A game now, the mood changed in that moment. Adam scrambled to the end of the large bed giving Nigel only time to clamp a hand around his ankle and drag him back with a growl. The grin that split Nigel's face made his jaw ache.

"Where are you going gorgeous? We need to consummate the marriage!" His tone was jovial and Adam laughed again, rolling over so he was on his back as Nigel dragged the omega underneath him. Adam's chest heaved with laughter as Nigel's hands moved up to take hold of his, interlocking their fingers.

"I didn't think you were so traditional." Adam laughed, amused by his own joke. He squirmed, his hands seemingly straining against Nigel's, but the real vigor was in his crotch that was squirming even more instantly against the alpha's.

Nigel let out a groan as their hard cocks crushed together. All joking forgotten now as fire burned through his veins, an overwhelming desire for his mate. He looked into Adam's eyes and saw it there too - the need, the want.

"Vă rog…" The words tumbled from Adam's lips and pulled a growl from Nigel. He didn't ever know what was hotter - Adam speaking Romanian, or Adam speaking Romanian knowing exactly what the fuck it did to him.

Nigel drew back, his hands running up Adam's sides, thighs, calves, until he was sat back on his haunches with Adam before him. He ran his hands forward again, this time up the inside, running up Adam's inner thighs and gently moving them apart as he did so. He could see Adam was ready for him, needed him.

Nigel moved forward between the omega's legs and pushed slowly inside him. He wanted to be rough - worked up by the change from slow pace to this desperate need they now both felt - but he held back. Adam had been too close to overwhelmed, so instead he thrust a little deeper each time, until he was finally buried inside Adam. And then he stilled, willing himself to contain his desire to take Adam roughly, as he held himself up over the omega. Adam's eyes then flicked to his and held them. Beautiful glowing blue orbs that held all of the stars within them, looking at him, through him. Knowing his soul. His chest was tight and his throat ached with emotion.

Nigel began to move again, thrusting not slowly but not as frantically as he might have liked to have moments before. Eyes still locked onto each others, he lowered himself down a little, running a hand into Adam's hair, only resisting nuzzling into the omega's neck so that he could continue to hold that gaze.

"So… I'm so close Nigel…" Adam managed to pant out as his hips met each of the alpha's thrusts. Nigel was close too, the tease of stripping Adam, the sight of him naked after all that, and he just wanted to bury himself over and over until he spilled everything he had within the omega. He felt Adam tense up and was so close himself that that almost tipped him over. Almost but not enough - or it wouldn't have been if Adam hadn't breathed out a word as he came -

"Husband…" It floated out on his breath and Nigel broke then as Adam's eyes closed, he leaned in and took the omega's mouth as he felt his balls tighten and thrust a few last times to his own end as Adam still pulsated around him. Nigel felt loved and knew that in part, that feeling was being pushed through from the bond because Adam felt it too.

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Adam had decided he didn't want to know anything about the honeymoon. It made him nervous now and then, but knowing that he could ask Nigel at any time and would be told, made him feel a lot more at ease. He knew that deep down Nigel wanted to surprise him and he trusted Nigel, not only to know when he might need to be told something, but also to know what Adam might like or dislike.

He thought back to the wedding with a smile on his face. Recreating the Shire, and then the hotel - Adam might never have thought of those things himself, and felt warmed knowing that Nigel knew him so well.

It was inevitable he would know, once they got to the gate, at least where their destination was. He wondered if it would be Romania. He had really liked it there, despite the badness that had happened, and there was plenty more to see considering that they wasted two days in the bedroom - both before and after purchasing some lace panties in Adam's size. Though wasted wasn't perhaps the right word. Either way, he would like Romania; perhaps they could stay in Nigel's house and pack up the rest of the things there - though most had now been shipped to California.

"Here gorgeous. This is us."

Adam looked up to the display and saw that their flight was to Auckland. He broke into a grin. He hadn't said anything at the wedding about the odd things here and there that were from the movie rather than the book, because he knew that Nigel would have had little time to plan and certainly not enough time to work his way through all of Tolkien. And he didn't hate the movies! In fact, despite the amendments, he enjoyed the extended world they provided and enjoyed being able to visually experience the stories. Nigel knew all this well enough. Well enough to take Adam to the country they had filmed in. Adam found himself excited to see trees. He'd seen pictures of New Zealand trees, twisting and fantastical - enough to imagine the place might be Middle Earth itself!

It was a long flight and a large plane, so Adam had been thankful that they were in business class again - less queuing and waiting and a bit more room. He spent most of the flight awake but snuggled up to Nigel, pressed between the alpha and the window. When they landed in New Zealand it was still a reasonable hour and getting to the hotel had been a simple taxi ride. Even so, a lot of it passed in a blur to Adam, who was extremely tired and fell asleep almost as soon as he got into the hotel bed.

The next morning he was surprised to find Nigel already up and getting ready. He could hear the shower running so he went to join his alpha, first admiring his view through the frosted shower door. But as he opened it and stepped into the shower, Nigel stepped out.

"No time baby. Hurry and shower, I'll order room service for breakfast, we have to leave in an hour."

Adam frowned but started to scrub. He wasn't sure what Nigel meant and being so tired and not a little perturbed by the unfamiliar surroundings, Adam considered asking Nigel what the plans were. But he held back. Nigel had told him there was a schedule - an organised trip - and Adam could see that any time he wanted to. But still Adam wanted to be surprised by all the things Nigel had organised for them - knowing that after the wedding he would forever love being surprised by Nigel.

They were repacked, what little had been unpacked, on a coach and on the road before 8am, which Adam thought surprisingly early but accepted it nonetheless. Being so tired he fell asleep on the coach and was unsure how much time had passed when Nigel nudged him awake.

"We'll be there soon Adam." Nigel told him gently, easing him awake with a hand stroking his thigh. The sensation was nice and Adam buried his face into Nigel's side and let out a contented sigh. His eyes slowly closed again.

Enough time had passed for him to form a small pool of drool on Nigel's side by the time the alpha woke him again. This time he could feel the coach had stopped and the few other passengers were getting off. He waited, Nigel hemming him in, until everyone had passed and they too got off the coach. Adam looked around, blinking in the bright sunlight, taking in their surroundings as Nigel collected their luggage. They were at some sort of rural accommodation, a farm converted to a holiday lodge. It was nice, quaint and quiet. Adam smiled at Nigel who beamed back at him as they carried the luggage to the reception.

They had dropped off their bags and been in the room only minutes when Nigel checked his watch and said it was time to go again.

“We’re on a schedule today darling, but you just let me know if you want to stop and rest or anything.” Despite Nigel’s words he could feel the alpha’s eagerness. Whatever he had planned Nigel was either very excited about, or anticipated that Adam would be excited about it. As it turned out, Nigel had been correct. A small tour bus had picked them up and he had first seen from the window, moment before the tour guide at the front began to talk into a small microphone.

Adam’s eyes were wide as he looked out the window trying to take everything in, trying to contain what threatened to be an excited yelp. And then the tour guide started -

“Welcome to Hobbiton…”

Adam was thrilled. Overjoyed as the bus took them around the set and ecstatic when they were dropped off and went to explore on foot. It was truly like being in the Shire. Nigel took a photo of him outside Bilbo’s house - next to the gate with the no admittance sign that Nigel had had replicated for their wedding.

They saw most of the houses before Adam started to really get tired from the travel and the excitement of it all and Nigel had them taken back to their farm lodge. Nigel encouraged him to have a nap and said they had plans for later and he’d wake him up. He fell instantly asleep in the cozy bed.

When Nigel woke him up Adam felt a lot more refreshed but hungry-

“I need dinner Nigel.”

“Do you think you can hold on for a bit darling?”

Adam nodded because he knew Nigel wouldn’t have asked him to do so without good reason. And soon they were on the tour bus again. Now it was dark, a strange sort of dark that he rarely experienced in the city, so many stars in the sky! He was looking up trying to tell the constellations from this southern hemisphere location when lights appeared on the horizon. Adam gasped and grabbed Nigel’s hand as they approached the village of Hobbiton again, this time lit with lamps - each little house glowing. The bus toured them around until they reached the Green Dragon Inn.

“Are we having dinner here?” Adam asked. His heart was racing with the excitement and Nigel nodded, and put a hand over his.

“If that’s ok?” He replied, and then pulled Adam to his chest and took in a deep breath, reminding Adam to breath. Adam slowed his breathing; everything was tingling, but he felt Nigel’s control and calm and let it wash over him. They were last off the bus again.

They ate from a banquet feast as though they were in Middle Earth, and drank ale and laughed. Nigel still unconvinced that he would make a better dwarf than an Elf because, sure the dwarfs had axes and hammers and liked beer, but what did that compare to riding around

on a giant elk? He settled that maybe he would be half of each and Adam didn't have the heart to tell him that the different races were unfortunately unable to interbreed.

When the food was over they were given a little lantern each and led through the illuminated paths, past all of the houses - some with smoking chimneys. Adam felt overwhelmed, but in an amazing, tingling way that had his skin humming and his face hurting from the unwavering smile.

When they reached Bilbo's house for the second time that day, under the full moon and the bright, bright stars unhindered by city lights and smog, Adam stopped.

"Are you ok gorgeous?" Nigel asked. Adam could sense his worry; he'd been close to on edge all day with worry about Adam. The only thing keeping him calm was that he was clearly trying to keep calm for Adam and the omega loved him so much for it.

"I wasn't sure at first if I really understood." Adam hesitated for a moment. "But now I know I do. I know I really understand. I wanted to marry you to make you happy. But now I'm glad I married you because you make me happy. You're my everything Nigel..." He thought for a moment, trying to articulate the feeling, trying to really explain how he felt about everything Nigel meant to him and everything the Alpha had done for him. Not just the honeymoon and the wedding, but everything from the very moment they had met and Nigel had taken care of him - helped him when he needed a kind and caring alpha. Left him that shirt, the shirt that started it all, because there was no way Adam could give in to his own fears and anxieties when that scent called to him and drew him to Nigel. Forced him further into the world than even Beth had managed. He supported him when Adam needed to be strong. He gave everything of himself to Adam constantly and unwaveringly.

"You're the stars to me Nigel. You're all of the stars."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you've enjoyed this series. There may or may not be a bonus chapter to this being posted tomorrow, I couldn't possibly comment!

You might enjoy my new Hannigram ABO series Food Lovers. The first installment ~ Strawberry Jello ~ is now posted.

BONUS CHAPTER: Hobbit

Chapter Summary

BONUS CHAPTER: Hobbit

Chapter Notes

A silly final chapter to end the series!

It was a beautiful, sunny morning and there was dew on all the little flowers in the little garden when Adamwise came out of his little Hobbit house.

*

“Nigel, they’re called Hobbit holes. And I thought we were sticking with our real names?!”

“I know gorgeous but then you were reeling off those names and I thought I could be Ballin”

“It’s Balin.”

“I know!”

“Nigel… are you trying to make a joke?”

“I am making a joke gorgeous. A fucking filthy one.”

“You’ve been filthier.”

“I have gorgeous. I have.”

*

Adam came out of his Hobbit hole, ready to greet the day, when he heard a rumbling noise in the distance.

“This sounds like trouble.” Adam muttered as the noise grew louder until it could be distinguished as the sound of hooves beating the ground. At least eight horses charged through the small town, not halting until they reached Adam’s front gate. Then they stopped, which Adam knew they would - the mounted elves staring down at him.

“We are seeking Ballin!”

*

“No Nigel. You can’t use that name if you’re going to laugh every time you use it.”

*

“We are seeking Nigel.”

Adam took a long draw on his pipe and let the smoke out slowly.

*

“I don’t smoke!”

“You said Hobbits smoke darling!”

“But.. Ok.”

*

Adam took a long draw on his pipe and let the smoke out slowly. Letting it pour over his soft lips as it escaped his warm, wet-

*

“No Nigel!”

*

Adam let out an exasperated sigh, no need to ask what he had done this time, because it was always the same thing.

“He has stolen the King’s elk.” The lead Elf said without being asked.

“Of course he has.” Adam sighed. “I’ll go get him.”

Adam went back into his Hobbit hole and found Nigel asleep on the bed, his feet overhanging the end of the too-short halfling bed.

*

“But… why are you in my bed?”

“Because I’m sleeping.”

“Yes, but why are you sleeping in my bed?”

“Because we’ve been fucking all night and I’m tired.”

“Nigel! The different Middle Earth races rarely...intermingle, they’re not...compatible.”

“I love intermingling with you!”

“Stop it. Stop touching me there, we’ll never get this finished. And No! No intermingling in Middle Earth!”

“That’s fucking racist is what that is. Don’t look at me like… fine!”

*

Adam found Nigel sleeping in the spare room in the dwarf sized bed that was totally the correct size for him.

“Nigel. The Elves have come… again.”

Nigel didn’t stir.

“Nigel?” Adam moved to the side of the bed and gently shook the dwarf’s shoulder. Nigel was stretched out on his back, the covers barely pulled across his waist, the rest of him exposed. The broad expanse of his chest covered in a coarse pelt that Adam enjoyed nuzzling into.

*

“Nigel!”

“But you do gorgeous, you love it!”

“You can’t write that in here!”

“I can’t help it darling. You do things to me. It’s the fucking love Adam… Fine!”

*

Adam woke Nigel who sat up in the bed gruffly and glared at the Hobbit who was no fun at all.

“Nigel, the Elves are here because you stole an elk again. It’s the king’s elk Nigel, you can’t do that.”

“I wouldn’t have to darling if you’d let me be an Elf!”

*

“Nigel, you’re not taking this seriously at all! It’s Sophie’s birthday in a month. We’re never going to get this finished.”

“Then you should have let me be an Elf.”

“You’re not an Elf Nigel. You’re clearly a Dwarf! And you took three online quizzes and they said you were a Dwarf.”

“I took four! The last one said Balrog…”

“That was Lord of the Rings, not the Hobbit. And it only said that because you were answering it specifically to try and get Elf and messed it all up.”

“Darling, why are you so annoyed?”

“Because I wanted to make this story book for Sophie. She’s too young for The Hobbit.”

“Adam, she’s too young for this. She’s going to be fucking one year old, she can’t read. Angela or Lynnette would have to read it to her anyway. Don’t get upset baby.”

“I just want to be a good godfather.”

“You are Adam, the fucking best. Why don’t you just get her a really nice copy of the Hobbit and you can read it to her?”

“She won’t understand it.”

“She’s fucking one!”

“I wanted to give her a personalised story book. She was going to be the Elf Princess.”

“How is she an Elf if I’m a Dwarf? She's a lot shorter than me! That isn’t fair. Don’t look at me like that.”

“Stop that! Kissing won’t stop me be annoyed with you.”

“Why are you annoyed with me? I’m the one who should be annoyed. I’m the one not allowed to be a fucking Elf.”

“Because you are clearly a Dwarf Nigel! Oh!”

“Does that feel like a Dwarf cock darling? There’s nothing small about that.”

“Give me back my hand… no one said Dwarves had small penises! Nigel you are so ridiculous.”

“Adam. I’m going to turn off the computer now. I’m not going to save the story. Tomorrow you and I are going to buy a fucking beautiful copy of the The Hobbit and then you can read it to Sophie because she fucking adores you and will hang off every word until she’s old enough to understand it and then she will still hang off every fucking word and she’ll love it.”

“Oh. Ok.”

“Ok?”

“Yes. Ok.”

“Thank fuck darling. Let’s go to bed, I want to show you what I can do with my not small penis.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!